

A Small Horror

It wasn't the first time. That was so many years ago it was all but a blur, stuffed in the back of her memory like the dusty cans of kidney beans and crushed pineapple neglected in the bottom of the pantry. It didn't occur to her to remember. And she wasn't convinced it was important to remember. Because it was the same every time. Down the grumpy old stairs that complained at every footfall. The single bare lightbulb, too ashamed of its nakedness to light up the corners of the room. To the grey, humming fridge to find... No potatoes.